

Red Clay Halo

Gillian Welch

All the girls, all dance with the boys from the city
And they don't care to dance with me
Now it ain't my fault that the fields are muddy
And the red clay stains my feet

And it's under my nails and it's under my collar
And it shows on my Sunday clothes
Though I do my best with the soap and the water
But the damned old dirt won't go

But when I pass through the Pearly Gate
Will my gown be gold instead?
Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings
And a red clay halo for my head?

Now it's mud in the spring and it's dust in the summer
When it blows in a crimson tide
Until trees and leaves and the cows are the color
Of the dirt on the mountainside

But when I pass through the Pearly Gate
Will my gown be gold instead?
Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings
And a red clay halo for my head?

Now Jordan's banks, they're red and muddy
And the rolling water is wide
But I got no boat, so I'll be good and muddy
When I get to the other side

And when I pass through the Pearly Gate
Will my gown be gold instead?
Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings
And a red clay halo for my head?

I'll take the red clay robe with the red clay wings
And a red clay halo for my head